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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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THIRTY-FOURTH ANNUAL MEETING
OF THE
AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The American Anti-Slavery Society met at Steinway Hall, in the city of New York, on May 7th, at 10 o'clock a.m. The President, WENDELL PHILLIPS, occupied the chair. A large number of well-known friends of freedom were upon the platform. The President opened the exercises with the following remarks:

REMARKS OF THE PRESIDENT.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY: I congratulate you upon the very encouraging circumstances under which this session of the Society is held. It is now, I think, the thirtieth session that I have had the privilege of attending, and I believe no one of those audiences ever gathered under circumstances of such encouragement as we do. We seem to be on the very eve of the accomplishment of all that the friends of freedom have ever asked of the nation. We stand in an hour when the National Council has already indorsed, by its action and by its laws, the whole claim of this Society; that is, the absolute civil and political equality of the colored man under our institutions of government, wherever the flag floats. Not only that, we meet in a moment when the earnest purpose of the nation itself, the thorough, absolute and unquestioned decision of the people themselves, instead of being far behind the national action, is far ahead of it. We are assembled at a time when Congress represents nearly half the purpose of the nation, and when the action of last Spring, instead of being a finality, only one step in that direction in which the nation itself is moving. Outside, in the other countries of the world, at this moment, we are told the news that Brazil joins the great brotherhood of free States (applause); not, indeed, by the absolute emancipation of her slaves, but by the first step, under Imperial sanction, in that direction, the State itself consecrating its purpose in the initiation of freedom as the law of the Empire. With our own country all right in the hearts of the people, with the last great stronghold of slavery outside the Republic already doomed, our own ranks assembled here to-day count among them for the first time the distinguished advocate and champion of impartial liberty, Mr. Durant, of New Orleans (cheers), the representative of that new public sentiment and purpose which joins the North in the assertion that absolute justice shall hereafter be the corner-stone of the Republic. Looking at some, we count among our audience to-day the most venerable and devoted of all the original abolitionists of the first year of the struggle—Wendell Phillips, who is still spared to give her voice for our counsel and her presence for our example. (Loud cheering.) Under such auspices I cannot but welcome you to the session of this, perhaps one of the closing years of the existence of the Society, than to offer every assurance, to join with you in every encouragement, to that final vigilance, that tireless vigilance, which seems to be yet necessary in this last critical hour that shall fix for this generation the status and the rights of the race whose welfare we have been devoted. The actual war is closed; the war of opinion and politics has commenced. How that shall be decided is the real issue that as yet engages our attention; and we all know that, although the nation is as much as ever, as fully vigilant, as thoroughly decided, in this hour, as it ever was in the hour of actual conflict—yet, the moment parties descend to the level of ordinary politics, the watchfulness of some force outside of party, and independent of its temptations, becomes all the more necessary. In opening, therefore, the sessions of this Anniversary, I will invite the Rev. John T. Sargent to begin with prayer.

PRAYER OF THE FRIENDS OF HUMAN RIGHTS.

BY REV. JOHN T. SARGENT.

L. M. TUNE—Dulce Street.

"How long! O Lord of Hosts! how long!"

"Shall we, in peril still, await

This issue between Right and Wrong?"

The opening wide of Freedom's gate?

How long—by wicked, worldly pride,

And by the despoth of selfish aim,

Shall suffering Freedom be denied

The rights which they so justly claim?

Oh! break asunder what remains

Of their old fetters, bolts, and bars,

The remnants of their galling chains,

And beat their many battle scars!

Ope wide, O God! their prison door!

To their oppressors plainly speak!

And, so convince, that they no more

May rule, as tyrants, o'er the weak.

Unseen, unseen, unwilling eyes!

Shout-silenced purposes approve!

Make our officials truly wise,

And every "stumbling-block" remove!

Give the oppressed their well-earned meed!

Strike—by Thy lightnings—wholly dumb!

The sophistry of selfish greed!

So may Thy sovereign kingdom come!

The President then read the following abstract of the Treasurer's Report:

Annual account of the American Anti-Slavery Society, from May 1, 1866, to May 1, 1867:

Amount received from subscriptions to THE STANDARD and donations..... \$10,629 00

Balance from old account..... 648 38

Amount expended for publication of THE STANDARD and office expenses in New York..... 9,969 90

Balance to new account..... 1,407 48

The President then read, for the consideration of the Society, a series of resolutions, which will appear elsewhere.

Wendell Phillips again addressed the audience in the following words:

ADDRESS BY WENDELL PHILLIPS.

In support of the tenor of these resolutions, I allow me to occupy a small portion of time this morning. As I said a few moments ago, I regard

the present hour, not as the most dangerous, but certainly as one of the most critical in the history of our cause. Meeting as we do, surrounded by a nation thoroughly in earnest in its determination to make absolute justice the law of the land, the only real question which stirs the anxiety of any thoughtful American is, not of the absolute future, the goal to which we are all tending, but it is of the path through which we are to reach that goal. We stand to-day no more certain than we did thirty years ago that this continent and the American nation would in due time recognize justice as the law of its nationality. I do not remember the hour—I never met the Abolitionist who doubted that within a certain time, no man was able to prophesy when, but that in due time the ideas committed to our hands would leave the whole nation, and that God, the representative of justice and love, would triumph in this great struggle against the selfishness of a race. No man ever doubted that; we were always certain of it, because we always said and believed that God ruled.

The only doubts that rested on our minds were these: One was, whether in this great storm, this conflict of grand principles crashing against each other like giant vessels in a tempest; whether in this conflict the nation should go to pieces; whether there was virtue and nationality and intelligence enough to save the nation in this struggle with so deeply anchored an institution as that of slavery. That was one doubt. I contend that up to the year 1860 no thoughtful man had the materials to decide that doubt. For a long time after 1860 it was a question admitting of a fair argument on both sides—whether the nation could be saved to liberty or only the North. We meet to-day with, I think, that question practically settled. This effort of the Southern aristocracy either to divide the nation or to give color and form to the institutions which govern this belt of the continent is a failure; and, as we humanly speak, it does not admit of a doubt, that the American people have won—have decreed the death of slavery and the life of the nation. (Great applause.) That is one doubt settled. Analyze an American down to the last drop of his blood, and you will find the Fourth Day of July in it (laughter and applause)—and the recognition of one nation as the law of the continent.

Well, there is another doubt relieved. We not only are certain as a people that this nation is to survive, but I think we are certain, humanly speaking, of another thing; and that is that this generation of Americans—this generation have made up their minds definitely, taught by the war, learning its lesson written in blood—that absolute justice and entire ignorance, in the law, of all races shall be the law of the Union. From the Lakes down to the Gulf there is to be no white man and no black in the eye of American law. (Applause.) No matter what parties have decided, no matter what local aristocracies may cling to, no man can look into the face of the people, from Maine to Missouri, from Maryland to Michigan, without being absolutely certain that, with no distinctions of party worth mentioning, the body of the people are sound on this question. So true is it, that from New England back to Iowa, it is no longer a distinction between Republicans and Democrats; that is not the line. The only line running to-day among the masses of the people is, loyal and rebel. There is nothing else. Parties prevail at Washington; they do not prevail among the people. The Democrat of the Northwest is either substantially a Republican on the issues of the war, or he is a rebel. You can test him the moment you see him. He may not know where he belongs. It is a transition period. Men do not yet know their normal condition. We have not yet settled down into a recognition of the present attitude of public affairs. But any man going about with the test of this question and the experience of thirty years in trying the people, will be aware, I think, that the Democratic party, as such, does not exist; that the real Democracy of the country, in the old acceptance of the term, is, one portion of it, ready to float back into a quasi connection with the dominant idea, and the other to float off into what may be considered the lingering rebellion of the land. Those two points, to my mind, are settled. We meet to-day with all that ground behind us.

Under such circumstances, what is our duty? Well, friends, I think this audience represents the indispensable element in all republican governments, especially in such hours as these. It represents, was always intended to represent, and to-day represents more essentially than it ever did, a great, independent public opinion outside of and independent of party organizations. In the theory of republics there must always be parties. There must always be and there always will be certain men created, it would seem, only to manage available results, to trade principle for immediate success, to manage men, to descend to the bargain and trifle, to the bicker and huckstering of a political level. And outside of that, by indispensable necessity, there must always be a body of men with no party to save, with no candidate to elect, with no personal aggrandizement in view, with no platform to peril, with no fear of compromise, with no object but to educate the people up to its duty. (Applause.) It was in this point of view that Abraham Lincoln said so often during the war, "If this government is saved it will be saved by the people," because he recognized, as every man must have done during the war, that for a time the emergency of public affairs was so great that public anxiety crushed party, and every man flung himself into the great corps of watchmen to see that a principle was not sacrificed.

That was the era of battle. We are falling back now into the era of politics. We are approaching 1868. The XLIX Congress can be nothing, attend to nothing, discuss nothing, devote itself to nothing but the making of a President. We have touched that goal where hereafter all the debates, all the action, all the marshalling of men and majorities in these two Houses will have but one object—that is the making of a President. Every man familiar with politics knows that the Congress which meets before a Presidential election is, like a cockboat, absorbed into the great maelstrom of the national action in that issue. Now, at such a moment more especially, more than ever of late, there is one thing needed—that is a body of men that have no President to elect, no candidate to carry, no party to watch, no personal affairs to be jeopardized, whose total and only anxiety is that the institutions of the nation shall really carry the principle indispensable to its life. (Applause.) That is where you and I are to stand in the next two years. Some men seem to think that because a military bill has received the sanction of large majorities in Congress, and seems to receive the endorsement of Southern men themselves, therefore we may in a measure relax the vigilance which has hitherto been our duty, and give up to politics on that level the spirit and the force which we have devoted to the cause. On the contrary, it seems to me that the moment has come when in those walls of Congress, Stevens, Sumner, Kelley and that class of

men, are for a time to be put aside and checkmated by the managers of the party—the men who go outside over the country to secure its seeming success. A real Republican success would be a blessing at a moment like this. The election of a man, every drop of whose blood had thrilled every hour in the war with the real struggle through which the nation was passing—the election of such a man to the Executive, the crowning action of the people, putting by the side of Congress the representative of the absolute purpose of the masses—a man if not with the name then with the heart of Thaddeus Stevens in the White House (applause)—a man who seems to have lived to that hour when he acts no longer from the promptings of ambition, but solely from the hidings of duty—such a man in the white House would allow us to rest on our arms, to relax our vigilance, to come to the conclusion that the whole machine of government was alive with the great purpose of the people.

But in the meantime, if you walk about among politicians, you will find that their purpose is not to risk the chances of the party on any such positive individual. They know and acknowledge the necessity of a ripe statesmanship, of a decided and unquailing purpose in the White House; but they recognize before that, the great party rule that they are to secure the success of the party, no matter at what sacrifice, for the time being, of principle. And the consequence is, we are to see this great question made for the coming eighteen months the foot-ball of party organizations. There is where our vigilance comes in. There is where I think we are to put aside all this milk and water conciliation, all this forgetting of the lessons of thirty years, which men counsel us to follow, and to bring to the front again the frank speech, the heaving to the line, no matter what chips fly into our faces; the merciless criticism and remorseless judgment which characterized the Anti-Slavery movement for thirty years and secured its success.

There are only two parties to be trusted to-day. There are only two parties whose past history entitles them to confidence to-day: one is the Radicals of the North (applause)—the men that have no idea, no purpose, no plan, no plot but just this, to tear up by the roots, extracting every fibre and killing every twig of that odious oligarchy which has poisoned the nation for the last century (applause)—that class of men that would not only clean the Constitution itself, but the halls of Congress and the halls of every State Legislature of the very last remnant of caste and of a white man's government. (Applause.) And the only other force in this government that deserves a moment's confidence is the exiled loyal white-blood of the South (applause)—the men that risked their lives there for the flag while the war was pending, and when a traitor took the command of the Union, left the unsafe streets of their own cities to bring to the North their testimony that the white man, as well as the black, claimed of the nation absolute justice for himself, his wife, his children, his property—for his rights had no security south of Mason and Dixon's line.

Those two elements are the right hand and the left on which the course of the government is to rest in times to come. Now, I know that in the delight, in the exultant triumph over our victory, we have been accustomed to go backward and throw a mantle over all the scenes of the great elements of American society for the last thirty years. We have said "let by-gones be by-gones!" and let us walk together right onward in the execution of the nation's purpose, and that is right. Unless to point a moral for the present, it is of no use to dig up the scenes of the past. But when the nation stands as it does to-day, in danger of bartering its security for hero-worship, then, in order to impress on politicians and time-servers their responsibility in this momentous hour, we are to remind them, show them that the nation does not forget the sinful position and responsibility of the same classes ten or fifteen years ago. We are to remember without bitterness, but as a fact of history, that it was the Henry Clay Whig; the timid and trading so-called Anti-Slavery politicians of Congress; it was to the church members; to the New York Observer and the American Tract Society class; it was the men who professed principle and practiced trade; who professed the Gospel and practiced infidelity (applause)—that the guilt of the blood of this five years of war is to be traced. (Great applause.) It is not the Southern slaveholder. It is not the Douglas Democrat or the Breckinridge traitor that is guilty in the first rank of the blood of this rebellion. It is the Christian, so called, of the American church. It is the Whig, as he vaunted himself as anti-slavery as the most outspoken Abolitionist. It is the men that said "Ay! ay!" and did nothing. It is the men that said, "I go, sir," and went not. It is their skirts that are heavy and stiff with the blood of Andersonville and Gettysburg.

I know that I am going back ten years to the habit of the Anti-Slavery cause in times past. I feel to-day that we need it. We need it in order to remind the politicians that stand in Congress and bid us not to impeach the President, because we shall jeopard the Republican party; we need it in order to remind the pulpit, that tells us not in an undue and ill-timed Radicalism to disturb the good intention of the majority of the Senate and House; we need it in order to remind the Wilsons, the Shermans, the Fessendens, the Bankers, that if another rebellion ever breaks out, if another drop of blood is ever shed in this quarrel, if another hard-earned dollar is ever exacted from the hands of American industry in this fight, it will be because they allowed the traitor in the White House to insult and balk the purposes of the nation and to go unwhipped of justice. (Applause.) It is because they allowed the crowning traitor of the whole to linger for months in the right hand of the government at Fortress Monroe and write out the record, which the next time that a man plots to bathe this continent in blood and break its Union asunder, he can point to—the record of Jefferson Davis and Robert E. Lee, and say, "If I fail in the enterprise, I shall not hang on the gallows, but be honored by the toleration and the respect of a large share of the American people." (Applause.)

Men, who ought to know better, meet me on the public platform and ask me by what right, when the white men of the South have submitted to that Military bill and sworn to support it, I, in the face of the American people, still entertain doubts of the safety of the negro? And I am thought uncharitable that I answer that I know a man, resident to-day under the flag of the nation in the Old Dominion, Robert E. Lee, the chivalrous gentleman, the model patriot, the honest Christian—yes, all those epithets endorsed and sanctioned by the apostles of the pulpit in the North—Robert E. Lee, stepped to the lips in oaths to the United States Constitution; he kept these all religiously in 1861, until he had learned every secret of Gen. Scott,

and then carried them all to the headquarters of Jefferson Davis; and after that—after that—a hundred oaths heaped on the head of the Christian of Virginia, according to Ward Beecher—(laughter)—and all broken, the moment he was in a condition to break them advantageously, we are asked to take stock in the belief of the validity of a white man's oath in Virginia. (Laughter and applause.)

Friends, I know this is not an Anti-Slavery speech of the model of the last two years. But when men tell me that they are going to nominate Gen. Grant for President, because if they don't take him the Democrats will, it is time to talk as we used to in 1860. (Applause.) Time was when the country seemed to be advancing so fast, and so harmoniously forward that we might seem to be at liberty to forget the lessons of thirty years; but with the politicians of the present about me, with the Senate of the United States, bartering principle for patronage, with Sherman and Fessenden, the practical leaders of that body, bartering the leadership of their party for family advancement; the Senate bought up by the Executive, which it won't impeach because it says he is crippled; in such a day as that, whoever has his tongue gagged, whoever chooses his language on the law of a modern conciliation, I do not. (Loud applause.) I consider it time that we should tell the South, in the language of the old Anti-Slavery Disbeliever, that we put no confidence either in oaths or parchment; that we leave no guarantee untouched; that we will believe the negro safe when we see him with forty acres under his foot, the school-house behind him, a ballot in his right hand, the sceptre of the Federal government over his head, and no State government to interfere with him until more than one half of the white men of the Southern States are in their graves. (Applause.)

I will tell you my faith. I do not believe God ever converts an adult generation. I do not believe in the efficacy of battle or a few cannon on the wrong side in changing the life-long opinions of a man like Jeff Davis or Wade Hampton. I believe, as all history shows, that adult men in the mass go to their graves with the opinions to which they have been wedded during most of their lives. Believing that, knowing that all history proves it, I want no evidence to-day but that of the general principle, that one half at least of the white men of the Southern States are rebel to-day in heart and in purpose. I do not care where you find them; it may be on the outskirts of the nation plotting against it; it may be on the platform with colored men at Richmond, Atlanta and Nashville—they are rebels at heart. I want no man's evidence of it. I have lived half a century and I know human nature. I know that fifty years of war would not convert Massachusetts from the belief that all men are created equal. (Applause.) I never will believe that five years of defeat have converted South Carolina from the belief that all men are unequal. One half of the white men of the South to-day hate this Union, and have no purposes in life but to bide their time when they can strike a fatal blow at its life. The women of the South, hardly an exception, with the mothers and formers of the rising generation, hate this Union with a bitter hatred. The jewel of liberty is given into the hands of the people of the North; and their only allies in its defense are the persecuted and the white Unionists of the South, and the negro. The leading brains of those States, the men who have manipulated their political life for a quarter of a century, hate the Union; and it will be a miracle if within the next thirty years they do not find an opportunity to strike a blow at its life. I do not fear them. (Applause.) I never did. (Applause.) The whole North can despise them. Either half of it can despise them. (Applause.) A million of Jeff Davises! A million of Wade Hamptons! I could take them up in my right hand and fling them into the great Northwest, boiling with energy and liberty; I could drop them into New England all aglow with human brotherhood, and the mass would not color the current of either section. (Applause.) There is energy enough in the Northeast or in the Northwest to digest a million of Jeff Davises before breakfast. (Laughter and applause.) In the language of the prophets, there is only a hiding of our power. The reserve force of Northern intelligence and Northern conscience is more than double what we require. All we need is to marshal it in the right path and to keep on the alert. All we need is to guard it against the glozing words, the overkind interpretations of certain men, all hearts and no heads—of certain men who have hearts enough to take in the whole world, and not heads enough to contemplate a moment after the present.

What we are to guard against is the inexperience of new converts. There are two classes of Abolitionists, two corps, two divisions of the great army of men moving forward, all earnest in their desire to abolish slavery. There are two great divisions in this army, both of them equally honest; but one has been converted within the last five or fifteen years. That division has drifted into the cause when it had great followers, when it was measurably respectable, when it was heard of in the halls of Congress, when the opposition was careful what tone it assumed towards it. They are the converts of the last dozen years. But there is a division unlike them, that has been through the storm and conflict of the last thirty years, that looked upon the hideous face of slavery itself when it revealed all of its ugliness, with no fear of any element in the nation that could rebuke it; a set of men who knew and learned what slavery was, standing around the grave of Lovjoy; a set of men who learned what the Slave Power was when riot and bloodshed ruled the seacoast from Philadelphia to Portland, when no man was safe in his own house, and when the devil showed all his propensities, because the nation called him a saint. (Laughter.) But the converts of the modern day have seen the devil only in the disguise of an angel of light. These men advise you as if the slave-owners were your mistaken brethren, erring Christians, benevolently intentioned men, who were only thrown out of gear by the intemperance of their opponents, and with all a sense of justice as ourselves. We recognize in him a man just as honest as I am from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet. Not a drop of his blood—there has not been, in his body for thirty years, that did not believe utterly the devilish theory that God made him with spurs, and put a bridle in the negro's mouth for him to ride; not a drop of his blood to-day that does not honestly believe that when he opposed the principles of the Declaration of Independence he was doing God service—not one. He is not mistaken in his own idea. He is an honest, devilish man of faith. (Laughter.) The only element in the moral world is the man of conviction, and the only force worth minding is the man who believes. Five hundred and ninety-nine men out of a thousand never had a belief. Now and then there comes along a man, all earnest, and the world is agitated around him. The whole negative, in-

different, equivocal human world about him crystallizes in his shape. Calhoun was such a man in positive, indomitable, undoubting, dogged faith in his own infallible rightness, and the whole South crystallized around him. It was an organism of which he was the heart, an animal life of which he was the head.

The North was like it. Twenty years ago there came among us a man with the same dogged, indomitable, irresistible faith in the rightness of his ideas, and the papers, and the pulpits, and the milk and water politicians crystallized around him in due time. The North became an organism, of which he was the heart and head, and Abraham Lincoln became the hand, and God flung it like a thunder-bolt against the South and crushed it. That man was the originator and pioneer of the movement which we meet to-day to celebrate. The only thing for us in the future is to walk on the same line, to obey the same reasoning, and to maintain the same functions towards the people, to bear witness, to record sin, to rebuke mistakes and show their inevitable consequences. We stand here to-day to tell the people without fear and without favor, without compromise and without concealment, to preach from the house-tops what the editors of New York journals utter in their editorial rooms, but do not print in their columns. This Society is nothing but a great spy upon the American people. The millions of America, led by their parties and by their editors, are masquerading in the disguise of a profession which no man believes. There is not a Republican to-day that does not know in his own soul, and that will not confess it in his own private chamber, that if he puts Grant at the head of this republic he is a traitor to Gettysburg and to Andersonville. Not one. Not a journal will print this fact, not a pulpit will speak it; and we are needed for this—to flare in the face of the American people the rebuke of its own conscience, giving the lie to its own lips.

There is a new scene coming upon us in the great political drama. The great maelstrom of the Presidential election, which closes every politician's lips and buys up every politician's conscience, opens to us a new door of duty. Here we are, but not alone. We send our voices to the great North and to the great East, and to the great West, and every earnest man watches us and works with us. We are not the army, God forbid! we are only a little corps—a small advance guard; but the great body of the honest and earnest people are behind us. There is the father who sent his four sons to the war; there is the mother who gave up her young-est to the conflict; there is the household from which the head was taken; there is the poverty-stricken home, and there the comfortless hearth, there the agonized heart—all are there in the background, the great American people, among the graves of their lost beloved, ashamed of some of their leaders, but all determined that, whether the nation punishes or not, it will at least crush every obstacle, and that in due time, with proper assistance and under the lead of honest men in our day, it will guard the cradles of this generation effectually from ever fighting these horrible battles over again. (Applause.)

The "Battle Hymn of the Republic" ("John Brown" song) was sung by Mr. CHARLES T. GUNN, the audience joining in the chorus.

SPEECH OF COL. T. W. HIGGINSON.

MR. PRESIDENT AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I remember that, when John Brown said to me before his death that he thought the time for Anti-Slavery speaking had gone by, I know that those words from his lips had the effect to silence mine for years; for it seemed that unless one could speak as none can speak, nothing but action was worthy of the friends of John Brown. Now that the time for such action as his has passed by, it seems strange for one to whom the Anti-Slavery platform was a University to tread again with timid footsteps these consecrated boards. It seems as if some great flood had swept over all the nation, and this were the Ararat to which, by some strange success, we had attained. I remember that an old colored woman in South Carolina, when asked by an officer in my regiment how old she was—a question they can seldom answer—said, removing the little black pipe which the old crone had in her mouth as she sat in passiveness by the cabin door, "I tell you the truth, Massa; in the first earthquake, I was then fourteen." I feel as if the last earthquake had come and passed, and we were here. What words are sufficient before the sudden strangeness of this salvation? Who among us, Abolitionists, dreamed, twenty years ago, of attending an Anti-Slavery anniversary after slavery itself should be dead? (Applause.)

I recognize, as I have always recognized, the positions taken by this Society as the directing influence of the future of American politics. As this Society has been foremost in the past, it will still be so in the future. It has been strange to me to see the enormous accession, which this Society needs, from the very quarter where, at one time, we should have least expected it, from the great phalanx of the returned soldiers of the North. To speak to a meeting of soldiers is like speaking to a meeting of Abolitionists. Asking you to sustain the most advanced Anti-Slavery principles, is asking only that which a meeting of Northern soldiers would sustain. Mr. Phillips has spoken of Gen. Grant as if he thought him a dangerous power in American politics. I have heard the name of Gen. Grant fall dead in a convention of soldiers, at a time when Gen. Grant was suspected of sustaining Mr. Johnson. Mr. Beecher's name was not received with more indifference for a moment among his church-members, than was Gen. Grant's by those soldiers. And that proves that this nation has come out of the war as no nation ever before came out of a great conflict, with its principles more powerful than its leaders. The nation is ready to drop its dearest leader when that leader even seems false to the nation's faith. (Applause.) I trust, therefore, that this Society, while it lives, will be faithful to its most advanced standard, secure in the future, as in the past, that the nation is to follow.

I trust it was only an accident—perhaps it was a defect in my hearing—that, in the reading of the resolutions, my ear somehow missed the one word which, it seems to me, is to do more than any other to solve the problem of the South, the one word which it was necessary that the veteran Stevens should remind the impulsive Wilson that he had forgotten, the word "consolidation." Seeing the negro as I have, and knowing how over-hopeful are the advantages which some of our friends are disposed to build upon merely endowing him with political power, I see that the time will come, if it has not yet, when the nation must recognize that even political power does not confer safety when it is conferred upon a race of landless slaves. (Applause.) The negro—how well in most respects he has been treated! The slaveholder know about in all respects. We are told now that the negro will surely fall under the influence of those who best under-

stand him, the whites of the South. It is not that I fear. It is not their understanding of him. They never understood him. A month in a colored regiment ought to teach any man more of the character of the negro than any slaveholder that ever lived could learn in a lifetime; because the officer sees him as a man, the slaveholder only as a chattel. I remember that, when the officers first came to take positions in a colored regiment, they knew about as little of the freedmen as the freedmen knew of them; and that was often very little. An old man once came with his son from the mainland into our camp; and while the officers talked with the father, the little boy was looking curiously about the white men, and at last, stealing up behind his father, he said, "Daddy, old Massa always says the white men had tails, and I don't see any tail!" So the white men that went down to take charge of the freedmen, either as agents for the government or as officers, at first seemed to have the impression that they had tails; but, after a month, especially of military command, when they saw the man grow from the chattel before their eyes, it transformed their appreciation of him.

And, while it gave them unbounded trust in the instincts of the negro, and made them sure that he would always, if instinct alone would guide, be true, in peace as in war, still they must have seen much—at least, I know of one who did—to make them sadly feel that that child-like race was entering upon a sphere of life where mere instinct was not enough. Instinct could lead them through the woods; instinct could guide them to our camp; instinct could tell them who their friends were; and when a musket was put into their hands, could tell them which was the right end of it. But instinct alone will not save a man from the caucus. Falstaff said that instinct was a great matter; but Falstaff had never been to an American political meeting. There are qualities in the negro which make even suffrage in his hands no safety to him unless something more than suffrage stands behind it to sustain him.

We cannot judge of the political condition and promise of the negro by a meeting in Charleston, or a meeting in Savannah. We hear from the cities, the places where they are strong and enlightened, the places where they know what Republicanism is, and are all Republicans. They are together, and dare to call their souls their own. But the governing votes of a nation do not come from the great cities; they come from the rural districts, from the accumulated strength of a few voters here and a few there. It is in the small communities, and not in the cities, that the danger of the negro in the future lies. He distrusts his own race. He does not trust his former master; but he trusts any other white man, and especially any Northern white man. He has no power of cohesion for any long effort. From his ignorance and confidence comes the danger of reaction when his confidence is gone. It is hard to make him trust men of his own race at first. I remember when the black soldiers spurned the orders of their black corporals and sergeants; though at last they learned to take pride in obeying. They would obey a white man because he was white, while they shrunk from obeying men of their own color. It was strange to see how those degraded creatures, who had only known the white man as an enemy, and who recognized him as such still had a veneration for some supposed standard which must exist among white men—some standard of knowledge and virtue to which they had not attained. A man came to me once to defend himself, in the regiment which I commanded, against some charge. Said he, indignantly, "I ain't got colored man principles; I know what's right. If Cap'n tell me lay hold of a man, I lays hold of him until I drop." That was his idea of white principles—to do as he was bid, and to do the thing thoroughly. That sense of deference to white men leads them first to distrust men of their own color.

And then, all the colored men are not to be trusted as leaders, to guide and direct that ignorant race. The natural leaders of the colored men of the South are their clergymen. The best colored men of the South, and the worst, are to be found among their clergy—the worst morally, because the most ready to use their power for unrighteous purposes; the worst, because they claim to be the best. We often hear it said, I think by those with out experience, that there is no such thing as a black traitor at the South. I wish I had never met with one. Do you suppose black men are born into the world such natural saints that none of the vices of white men are ever to be found among them? I have seen black men who were distrusted among all their fellows, who had a brand put upon them, whom the others would not associate with, whom the others did not wish to have enlist in the ranks with them, because they knew them to be false. They called them "secess niggers." When, on one occasion, I took command of the post in Jacksonville, in Florida—Jacksonville was one of the posts that had been taken and deserted by our troops once or twice every year, where every man took the oath of allegiance as often as he swore any other oath, which is saying a good deal—I knew an old black man belonging to the town, a man of superior ability and fine personal appearance, respected by all the white people there, rejoicing in the name of Romeo, Scipio, or some such grand name, I have forgotten what. I was warned by a dozen different Florida men in my regiment that that man was a traitor. At last he was drafted into another regiment, and he deserted to the enemy, across the lines, the first chance he got.

You may well see those men are few. They are very few; but it does not need a great many men for misleaders, not many men to divide and break up the counsels of those engaged in a political contest. And here I point out a third cause of difficulty with the negro, besides his distrust of his own people and the frequent unworthiness of his leaders—the tendency of the negro in the South to division and infinite subdivision of parties and organizations. We know how it has been too often in the North, among associations of colored men. There is not a colored man here who does not know organizations of colored men before the war that were first broken into halves, then into quarters, and then into little bits so infinitesimal that there was no counting or measuring them. I saw that same tendency among the colored people of the South. Mutual distrust first weakened, then broke apart, and then subdivided more and more. It comes partly from ignorance. There may be also something in the constitutional temperament. I remember an organization among the colored soldiers for literary purposes, which went to pieces finally because the president of the organization became indignant and sent in his resignation. The secretary was absent at the meeting at which it was received, and there was no other man in the society who knew the meaning of the word "resignation." They all concluded

(Continued on the Third Page.)

AMERICAN EQUAL RIGHTS ASSOCIATION.—The proceedings of the recent Anniversary will be issued immediately in pamphlet form. The value and size will warrant the price, which will be fifty cents the single copy. Persons desiring it, can apply by letter (name enclosed), to Susan B. Anthony, 464 West 34th street New York.

SPEECH OF COL. T. W. HIGGINSON.

(Continued from the First Page.)

must mean something very insulting to the con-

cern, and it all went to pieces.

It is not now that I fear these sources of danger.

It is not now, when insinuation is active to guide

them, when one party stands out clearly as their

friends and another as their foes. It is by and by,

when experience has taught them their own weak-

ness, when they have tried their own leaders and

found them perhaps unreliable, when they have

found some white leader and found him for a time

worthy of trust, when by and by the shrewd poli-

ticians of the South shall manage and govern the

negro as they have always governed us in times, by

dividing his counsels and making those who should

be friends hate each other. When we think, even

among the professed Anti-Slavery men of the

North, what long periods there have been of inter-

vention, how much time has been spent in mutual

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and the flowers are blooming over the waste places.

The people, too, have shown an enterprise in building

up the ruins which argues well for the future. When

they cease to mourn for the "lost cause," and are just

to the negro and faithful to freedom, our work here will

be ended, and not until then.

With great respect, faithfully yours,

RUFUS SAXTON.

A. M. POWELL, Esq., Secretary Anti-Slavery Society.

A letter was also read to the Convention, expressing

the regret of Gen. BUTLER at being unable to be present

at the meeting.

The following letter was received from CHARLES D.

B. MILLS:

LETTER FROM CHARLES D. B. MILLS.

To the President and Members of the American Anti-

Slavery Society in New York assembled:

FRIENDS: The Anniversary occasion that calls you

together this year will furnish much in the review of

the past to rejoice in and be thankful for.

The nation, urged on, step after step, by the sharp

pricks of Jehovah's judgment and rebukes, has ad-

vanced somewhat towards truth and liberty. We have

great occasion for gratitude that the wicked recon-

struction scheme through the proposed Constitutional

Amendment failed, being defeated at the hands even of

rebels. We were thus saved, despite ourselves, from

consummating our infamy and ruin. Thanks to Heaven!

the enfranchisement of the black man under the compass

of the late rebellion has been extorted by the obvious

public necessity. Let us pray that the nation may still

be shut up to righteousness!

It remains to carry forward and perfect what has

been begun. We are to see that the work of grace is

consummated. To sit down now to rest and congratula-

tions would be fatal. The full measure of liberty and

possession that is his due must be vindicated to the

late slave, and guaranteed beyond the possibility of in-

vasion. His right, not only to citizenship and the bal-

lot, but also to land and a home—to a just share of that

accumulation of property generally which he has in

large part wrought upon and earned, and which is

therefore, by every consideration of equity, his—his

right to peaceable and full possession of freedom and

enjoyments, uninterfered with from without—right to

pursue and gain the proper ends of his existence freely,

even though to vindicate it might cost the disfranchise-

ment and incarceration of every rebellious spirit in the

South—these rights you will affirm and insist upon,

permitting no rest till they be fully recognized and

irrevocably secured.

The nation you will still call to repentance, for it is

still ungodly. The public mind is yet drunken with

the wine of political expediency; it follows the har-

lotry of compromise. The ethics of the time repre-

sented in the political and ecclesiastical organizations,

is still Atheistic, profligate, and opens the door con-

stantly to treason, to humanity and heaven. We need

greatly the thorough principle of a regeneration in all

the departments of our life. The recent political his-

tory in our country admonishes forcibly that we may

not trust in parties or partisans; that it is not they, or

any of them, that may be relied on to shield and save

the ark of freedom. The little band of Abolitionists

who have no offices to covet, no reputations to protect,

no side interests to secure, must still stand as monitors

of the people, the witnesses and confessors for God.

I think also that the hour has struck for making the

demand of a broad enfranchisement throughout the

nation—by insisting upon the claim of woman, equally

with man, to participate in the rights of government.

The axe is laid at the root of the tree, and we are so-

lemnly admonished now, at this hour, not to omit to

lay the foundations of the new life religiously upon the

sole basis of impartial justice. There is but one name

given under heaven whereby we can be saved. Why

should we not require that the organic compact of the

nation shall henceforth guarantee, in every State there-

of, impartial suffrage—right of the ballot, irrespective

of distinction of race, color, or sex?

I trust that your Convention this year will take

ground and utter a testimony on this subject; also,

that you will, as a body, recognize the duty, in this re-

gard, lying before the Constitutional Convention of our

own State about to assemble, and memorialize it to

provide, by Constitutional enactment, for the extension

of the suffrage henceforth impartially to all the citizens.

It will be a long day's march from this point to perfect

liberty, to genuine and divine freedom; but the aboli-

tion of the partiality of suffrage will be the removal

of a huge abuse, and a significant step for progress. It

is not a day too early to begin.

Sincerely and faithfully yours,

CHARLES D. B. MILLS.

Syracuse, N. Y., May 6, 1867.

THE PRESIDENT—I have now the pleasure of intro-

ducing to you the Hon. THOMAS J. DURANT, of New

Orleans, whose honorable services to the national cause

in that State have been too often referred to on this

platform for it to be necessary that I should speak

of them to-day. (Applause.)

ADDRESS OF HON. THOMAS J. DURANT.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: For your reception of the

very kind allusion which has been made by your re-

spected President to myself, permit me, ladies and

Gentlemen, to return you my most cordial thanks.

Feeling, however, that I am thoroughly undeserving of

them, I should indeed be insensible, too, if I did not

rise now under feelings of painful embarrassment, to

address this dignified and venerated audience. For in

whose presence do I speak, and before what audience

do I appear? In the presence of one whose voice has

been the signal that fired the hearts of all the friends

of freedom in America, since that gloomy day when

Lovely fell martyr to liberty until now, when the dawn

of a better day of freedom has risen upon our land—one

whose voice was heard so oft in worse extremes than

the perils of battle, and who so long has stood your

surest sentinel. I am listened to by an audience who

are the pioneers of American thought. You, members

of the American Anti-Slavery Society, have led the

vanguard of freedom in America. Your ideas have

been more potent than artillery; your resolves have

been more pregnant with the fate of the nation than

the resolutions of Congress itself. But, when a man of

your ideas—though not even deemed to participate in

them fully—was made the President of the nation, the

Southern oligarchy at once revolted; they passed their

ordinances of secession in South Carolina which they

fondly but vainly thought was to separate them from

freedom, and give them secession from republican

government; that ordinance which was the first step

in the great moral revolution of America, which will

only be completed when a black representative from

the Southern States sits in Congress, the peer of those

you send from the North (cheers)—a peer of those

that will, no doubt, be most honorable to this

nation, however distasteful it may be to some who are

now called Republicans, however distasteful it might

be to some States even that are found in the New

England group, if that result is attained. The black

man is to become a political element in this country.

He, it may be, is ignorant, but he is not ignorant that

his own vote is to protect his freedom. (Applause.)

He may be undeducated and unintelligent, but he will

learn to know that by voting for reliable men of his

race (if such can be found, and I know that such can

be)—it is by voting for men of his own race, and

placing them in the halls of Congress and in the State

Legislatures, that his liberties will be best secured.

You have led the advance-guard of liberty in this na-

tion. You have appealed to those characteristics which

are essential to human nature, which separate us from

the one hand from the rest of the animal creation, and

link us, on the other hand, to divinity. Your power has

lain in the fact that you have appealed to man as man

—that you have appealed to his conscience and to his

intelligences alone, and by those supreme forces you

have triumphed. It was said in a recent work on Ro-

man jurisprudence by Carl Von Savigny, one of the

most eminent jurists of modern Europe, that law was an

emanation of the common conscience of the people; and

this axiom seems to me to underlie and to sustain

the whole theory of Republican government. It is the

key-note of modern civilization and progress, that in

the bosom of each man there is a conscience which

makes him the judge of right, and from that conscience

emanate those qualities alone which give him the right

to make laws for one another—the conscience of the in-

dividual sustaining him in the choice, and the action of

the mass creating the individual—keeping the indi-

vidual in order. This great idea protested, three

centuries ago, against spiritual despotism. This great

idea is the idea of modern times. Votes

cast in democracy, instead of imperialism, and

the authority of the individual, as a member of

the mass, against the authority of the individual claim-

ing power by his own inherent right. It is the idea of

authority, unsustained by the opinion of the mass, that

is in itself the foundation of slavery, for authority de-

nying the individual conscience necessarily denies the

individual rights of man; and unless those individual

rights are equal among us, it necessarily follows that

one class must be masters and the other must be slaves.

It is this idea of authority, acting against and inde-

pendent of the mass, which has not only sustained

slavery, which has not only brought about this bloody

rebellion, but which has hampered the progress of re-

construction, which can only be successfully applied on

the theory and the application of the great idea of

equal and individual rights among all men without

distinction. It is this idea of acting in opposition to</

